Tell Me Why

Saint Aimé

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Tell me why, the day I was born, you laughed.
It was joy—so loud I could not name it.
As I grew, that laughter followed me:
at ten years, at twenty, even as I stepped into thirty,
you kept smiling.
But tell me—why?

When the fortieth year arrived, I departed,I stepped out from this cursed world.
My spirit had not yet carved lakes nor learned how to rest.
Tell me why.
Are you pleased that I now approach the day
you once believed would never come?
Tell me why.

Look—
you rejoiced when I entered this harsh world,
a place heavy with hatred and endless struggle.
Yet when I left it, you wept.
Was that love?
Tell me why.

You say you are a Christian.
You say you believe in another world beyond this one,
a world brighter, calmer, full of joy.
If that is true,
why are you not happy that I am going there?

Do not lie to me, dear truth.
Think carefully.
Look at where we come from
and where we are going.

Then you will know what must be done.

I am not contradicting what I found—
I only point to where it contradicts itself.
And if I am wrong,
then let truth rise and call me a liar